

The Daily Mirror

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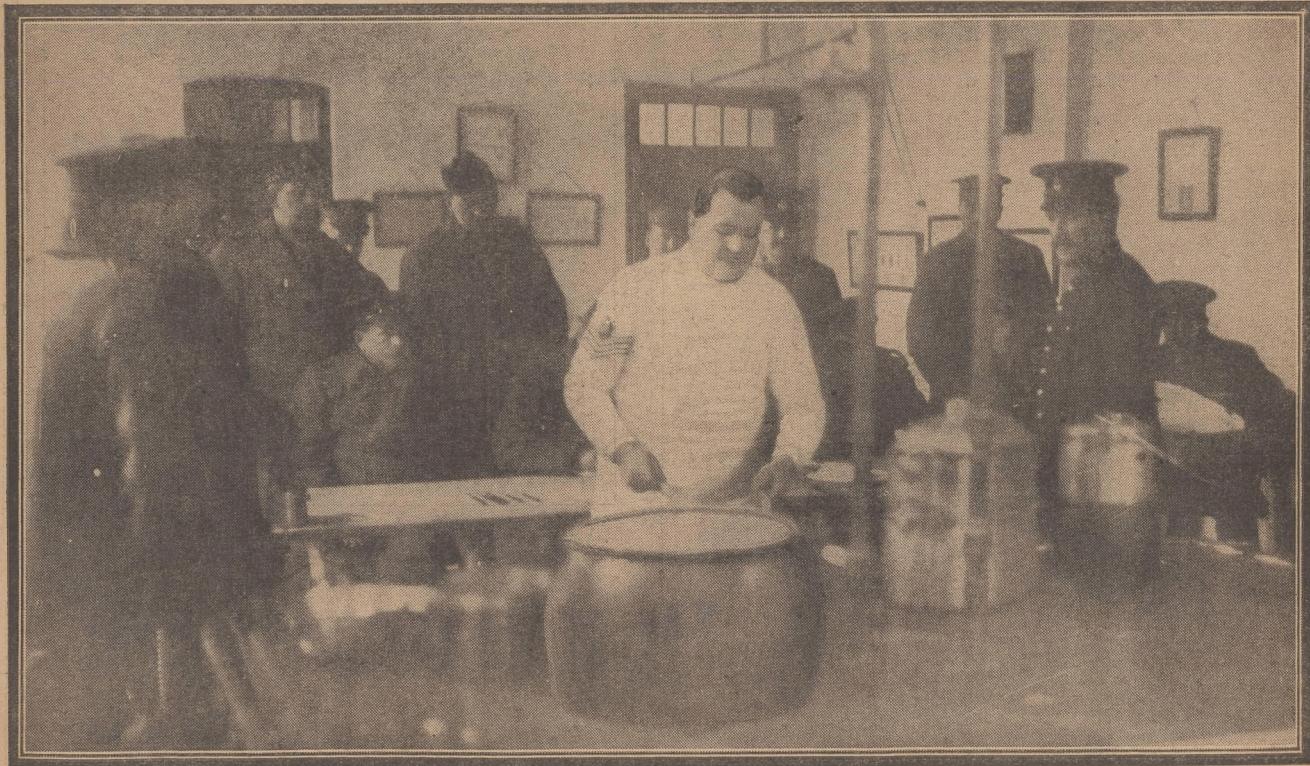
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1914

One Halfpenny.

THE SOLDIER'S WELFARE: OFFICERS LEARN COOKING FOR THEIR BENEFIT.



Learning how to prepare sausage and mash, the soldier's favourite breakfast.



Field cooking in mess tins.

Another example of how the War Office has the welfare of Tommy Atkins at heart is provided by the fact that an order has been issued that officers are now to take a course of instruction in Army cookery. The idea is that if complaints are made about



Receiving instruction in camp oven cooking.

food by the men the officers, being more or less chefs, will be able to judge whether or not the complaints are justified. A class started at Aldershot this week with a small band of enthusiasts.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

S. & B., Ltd.

A Child's best Friend

is its mother. The best friend of mother and child is SCOTT'S Emulsion. This pure food-medicine will strengthen and build up any weakly child; will enrich the blood and aid bone, nerve and tissue development. At the same time, it will provide natural protection against all throat and chest troubles. Half the anxieties of motherhood can be avoided by strengthening the children with a course of SCOTT'S.

"My little girl did not start to walk till she was 18 months old, because bronchitis pulled her down so much that her legs were a piece of soft flabby skin. After taking two bottles of SCOTT'S Emulsion she was able to walk all right, and was firm and strong on her legs. She is now two years and eight months, and has never had another day's illness since." (Signed) Mrs. Stroud, 95 St. Paul's Rd., Camden Square, N.W. 3/7/13.

SCOTT'S Emulsion aids the formation of strong, white teeth, and gives strength to overcome the evil results of bronchitis, coughs, measles, whooping cough and serious illnesses.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

You can easily buy cheaper emulsions than SCOTT'S, or you can purchase inferior cod liver oil, but these cannot be expected to give satisfactory results. SCOTT'S Emulsion is the original and best emulsion and the only one that is made by the unique SCOTT process which guarantees purity, quality and digestibility. Therefore, insist on SCOTT'S—the kind that doctors recommend—and refuse any that does not bear the SCOTT trade mark.

185

TRADE
MARK
on every
Package.



Are You Fair to Yourself?

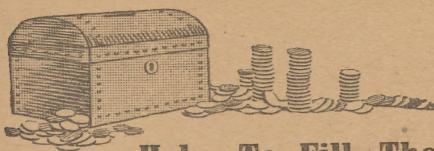


You are feeling old and you begin to look it with those grey and faded hairs that are always so conspicuous.
Lockyer's Hair Restorer, 1/6,
Gives health to the hair and restores its natural colour. It cleanses the scalp and is "the most perfect hair restorer." Will make you to look as you did 10 years ago, and you will be surprised at the result. Made at Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.

The Adams's Quality—The Best.



The Tin in the Blue Tartan Wrapper. Beautifies and preserves Wood Floorings, Linoleums, &c., 1d. & 1/- Made at Sheffield and sold all over the world.



Help To Fill The Money Box

By saving money on your boot-bills—by wearing Wood-Milne Heels or Tips. A postman walked 1,200 miles on one pair of Wood-Milnes, and still they had some wear in them! Think what he saved. Now, what about YOU?

WOOD-MILNE

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS.

Sold in many varieties and at various prices, by Boot Dealers everywhere.
N.B.—If you golf try the "White Chief," a wonderful two-shillingsworth

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

Winter Sale Final Reductions

Silks

117 Pieces of various Silks, inc'ding delightfully soft **Messaline Satins**, with narrow stripe design in Grey, Navy, Rose, &c. Several stripes in **Velvet** and **Velveteen**, small **Floral Des gns.** also **Silk ab's. Mervs.** and various fancy **St. kts.** Usually sold at 2/6 and 1/3 3/4 2/11 yard. All reduced to 2/ard.

30 Pieces of double width, sponed **Mole & Silk.** In Grey, Navy, Copper, & Rose. Gold or silver **Frills** and **Flounces**. Usually sold at 2/11 1/2 yard. Reduced to 2/ard.

71 Pieces of rich **French Silks**, all double width. Including Heavy **Crepe-de-Chine**, in **Tulle**, **Net**, **Chiffon**, **Velvet**, **Velveteen**, **Flowers**, **Gold** or **Silver Tinsel Thread**. Also delightfully soft **Trans. arnel's**, with quaint designs in **Gold Thread**. Inc'ding in this lot are the softest **French Silks** ever seen in Retail. Also various **Multi-coloured Flowers**, entirely novel, and quite in accordance with the present vogue for silks of Oriental extravagance. Sold in Paris at 39/6 and 49/6 yard. 14/11 All Reduced to 2/ard.

19 Magnificent Original Model Fur Coats in Seal Dyed Musquash, real Sea skin, Mink, Fox, &c., in the most superb variety of Furs. The luxurious quality of the skins, the individuality of each Model, will make a strong appeal to the woman who appreciates advance Modes. Priced during the season at 59, 69 and 79 guineas. Now offered at 25 guineas.

If you have not an account with us, kindly forward the purchase money, which will be willingly refunded if goods do not give satisfaction.



Umbrellas

All one Price **4/11 1/2**

1,000 Ladies' Umbrellas with good twilled Tape border Covers of Laven-tine Silk or plain tape border with silk or lace Covers. **Handles** with the most exclusive description. New French long Handles of superb snake wood or the exquisitely grained Young Phoenix Gunmetal or Silver Banded, Straight Empire Silk or Plain Silk. **Handles** as above. Specially tested full size steel frames. Usually sold at 10/6 & 12/6 & 12/12 All to be cleared at **4/11 1/2**

300 Ladies' Umbrellas, fitted with the most expensive real woven edged **Glace Covers** and **Fox Paragon Frames**. Handles in wonderful variety. Originally marked at 21/-, 23/-, 29/6 35/- each. All to be sold at **12/11**

Furs

2 Natural Red Brown Fox Stoles of 2 skins Reduced from 5 guineas to

2 Large Open Muffs to **29/6** match Reduced from 4 guineas to

36 Odd Ties and Muffs in Squirrel, Caracul, Coney, Mole, etc. Reduced from 25/6 each to **5/-**

PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.

DURING OUR GREAT WHITE SALE

WE OFFER THAT

Most Reliable British Cotton Fabric (Double Width)

TOOTAL'S VELOUR FINISH PIQUE

IN WHITE, IVORY, BLACK AND 20 NEW FAST COLOURS.

PRICE **2/2** Double Width

42 inches.

PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

Coloured "Tobralco" and White Grounds with Coloured Printings.

10/- per yard 27 inches wide.

PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

White Sale Catalogues, over 1,000 Illustrated Bargains, Post Free on request.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

Only One Address. No Branches Anywhere. Bond St. nearest Tube Station.

THE KITCHEN-PROUD WOMAN



The woman whose cookery is her pride uses Corn Flour every day; ordinary flour does not give the same delicate flavour to

Tomato Soup Cocoanut Pudding Sweet Sauce
Soup Balls Ham Souffle Fish Souce

There are recipes and a pink cookery-book coupon with every packet of

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

—The Corn Flour that was the first to be called "Corn Flour."

IS THE COAL WAR FIZZLING OUT?

Men to Return to Masters Who Grant the Penny a Ton.

A "MOVE TO WIN."

Cabinet Ministers Watch Amateur Coalheavers at Work.

Is the coal strike collapsing and fizzling out like the frost?

It really looks as though this is the case, and that London will soon be enjoying its normal supply of coal.

This view is helped and backed up by an important decision which was arrived at yesterday at a mass meeting of the coal strikers at Clerkenwell Green, where a resolution was passed deciding to allow all men whose employers have agreed to pay the 1d. increase to return to work. "This move, the men believe, will enable them to "win all along the line."

Loaders who start work will pay a levy of 2s. a day per man in aid of those who are obliged to remain on strike; carters will pay 1s.

About 1,500 of the 13,000 strikers will return to work to-day in consequence of the written assurances which their officials have received.

The Joint Committee of the Coal Porters and Carriers will meet again to-night, when they will decide whether Sir George Askwith's offer shall be accepted or whether the dispute shall be referred to the London Labour Conciliation and Arbitration Board of the Chamber of Commerce.

Several Cabinet Ministers on their way to the Cabinet meeting lingered for a moment to watch clerks from the Office of Works deliver coal at the Colonial Office in Downing-street.

(Photographs on pages 8 and 9.)

MASTERS IN CHEERFUL MOOD.

The Strike Committee of the National Union of Coal Porters stated that the majority of the men concerned in the recent dispute would have returned to work to-day. They added that, in addition to Sir Edwin Cornwall, no fewer than nine other firms of equal standing had expressed their willingness to concede the extra penny.

The Amalgamated Coal Porters announced last evening that a South London coal company and all the co-operative societies had written stating that they would concede the extra penny per ton, and that other firms had expressed verbally their willingness to do so.

Mr. Lockett, the secretary of the Coal Merchants' Society, was in a very cheerful mood yesterday. "Things are very much better," he said to *The Daily Mirror*, "far better than we anticipated yesterday. I am not yet able to get full reports, but already I have learned that a very large number of men have gone back to depots where there was a complete stand-off yesterday. The world has been renewed at two or three o'clock this morning."

Mr. Cooper, the manager of Cornwall's, told *The Daily Mirror* that, as a result of the Clerkenwell meeting, the firm's men had already started to return. "We employ 400 men altogether, and I think we shall be in full working order to-morrow."

In the windows of many firms notices were posted stating that loaders and carriers with good references are required, but at Messrs. Charrington's, Sells' Dala and other houses alongside the notice, "Carriers wanted at a standard guaranteed wage of 23s. a week" appears the announcement. "No more hands wanted to-morrow."

According to Mr. Westoby, the depot manager of the firm, ninety free labourers were yesterday loading coal, as compared with sixty men employed in normal times. They were being paid 3s. a week, and at 28s. the firm could get more carriers when they were required.

A curious feature of the strike is that, up to the present, the City of London has not been touched in any way. Inquiries made yesterday at the Bank of England and the other banks and insurance offices, where large quantities of coal are consumed, show that the strike is causing no anxiety whatever.

WHAT COAL COSTS TO PRODUCE.

What is the actual cost of a ton of coal? "The cost of production," said one of the leading coal merchants in London, "differs considerably according to the quality of coal—whether it is manufacturing, steam or household."

"Take a coal like Derby Brights, however. That is a good coal which we are to-day selling at 27s. a ton, and the following figures in regard to the cost of each ton from pit's mouth to the time it reaches the consumer may be interesting:

	Cost at pit's mouth, per ton	15 6
Landing	3 6	
Landing and cartage, per ton	3 0	
Establishment charges, per ton	1 6	
Railway charges, per ton	5 6	

"These amounts to 26s., so that the margin of profit to the dealers is small."

"The colliery owners get the major portion of the profit."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Increasing south-westerly and westerly winds; cloudy, with rain at times, to fine temporarily; variable temperature; high water at London Bridge.

High-water time: 5.39 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 3.39 p.m.

Temperature observations, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 30.19 in.; unsteady; temperature, 42deg.; wind, W., gusty at times; weather, fair, with light frost.

Sea passages will be moderate to rough.

THE CRISIS IN THE LONDON BUILDING TRADE.



The meeting of the council of the London Building Industries' Federation considering whether the lockout in the trade should develop into a great strike. The photograph was taken at the Trades Hall, Blackfriars.

WILL IT SOLVE THE MATINEE HAT PROBLEM?



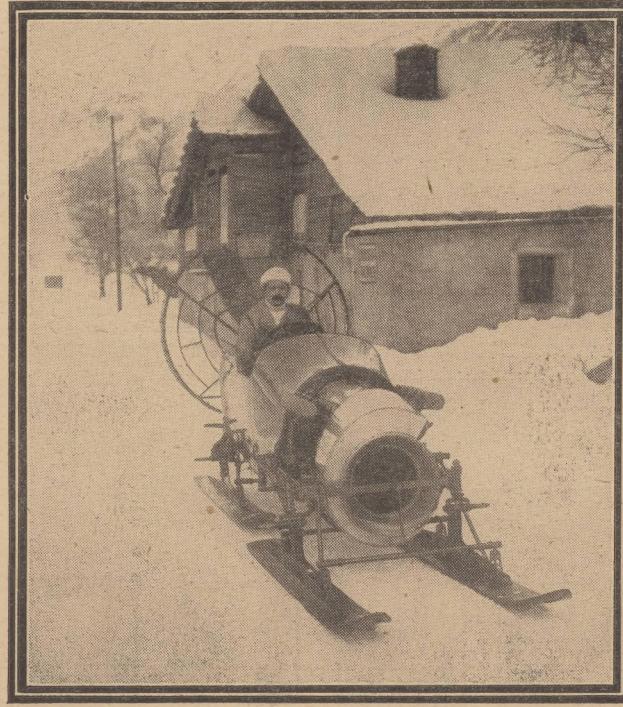
Miss Mikun wearing the hat.



The hat collapsed under her arm.

Miss Mikun and the matinee hat which she has invented. She is seen wearing it and holding it under her arm. It collapses like a man's opera hat. The idea has been patented.—(E. O. Hoppe.)

A SKI-CAR IN THE CHAMONIX VALLEY.



Courtesy Bertrand de Lesseps, son of the famous Frenchman of Suez Canal fame, photographed at Chamonix on the ski-car which he has constructed. It can travel from fifteen to sixty miles an hour, according to circumstances.—(Nicholls.)

STRIKE LEADERS TO BE EXILED.

Secret Deportation of Ten Men from South Africa.

VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 27.—The Government has decided to deport ten of the principal Labour leaders, namely:—

Mr. Watson, president of the Trades Federation.

Mr. Poutsma, secretary of the Railwaysmen's Society.

Mr. Bain, general secretary of the Trades Federation.

Mr. Larkin, of the Workers' Educational Association, and Kendall, who are prominent Socialist-Labour men.

Messrs. McKerrell, Livingston and Morgan.

—Reuter.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 27.—All the labour leaders who have been decided to deport were quietly conveyed under strong escort from the Transvaal and Natal to-day, and late to-night they will be put on board a steamer, which will sail before dawn. The steamer will not touch any port until it reaches England, about a month hence.

The deportation is being carried out under martial law. Parliament will be asked to grant an indemnity for this measure next week, as well as for other acts carried out under martial law.

Measures will also be taken to prevent the return of the deported men to South Africa.—Reuter.

WHO THE EXILES ARE.

Mr. Watson is president of the Federation of Trades, which controls all the trade unions in South Africa.

Mr. H. J. Poutsma is the secretary of the Railwaysmen's Society, who has been called the "Jim Larkin of South Africa." He was mainly responsible for the organisation of the railway strike which



MR. BAIN.



MR. POUTSMA.

started the recent labour trouble. He was arrested. A Hollander by birth, he fought for the Boers in the last war.

Mr. Bain, general secretary of the Federation of Trades, of which he is the brain, was arrested with other leaders after the successful siege of the Trades Hall in Johannesburg.

Mr. Waterlett is secretary of the South African Labour Party.

Mr. Kendall and Mr. Mason were, as Rand Labour leaders, prominent during the gold strike last July.

Mr. Crawford was one of the men's leaders arrested at the Trades Hall after the siege.

How General Botha has handled the labour disturbances in South Africa is indicated by the fact that, though the railway strike began in the Transvaal and Orange Free State on January 8, the strike movement was broken up by January 15, when forty labour leaders barricaded in the Trades Hall, Johannesburg, were compelled to surrender by menace of bombardment with a field gun.

GIRL IN BEETLE MYSTERY

Missing Bank Notes Shown to Her by Dead Officer—New Clue in London.

Scotland Yard were late last night engaged in investigating a clue in the western district of London in connection with the murder of Mr. Kent Reeks, who was found dead by the mouth of a pit-shaft at Ettingshall, near Wolverhampton, on Tuesday, January 20.

To obtain the help of the public in solving the mystery—the "green beetle mystery," as it is called—the Liverpool police have issued a statement of the facts that are known.

It occurs the following passages:—

During the winter from Nova Scotia to Liverpool he got very sick with a Liverpool girl who was returning home. He told her he had friends in Manchester and that it was his intention to see them on the day that he died.

When he got his valuables from the purser she saw a bundle of "yellow backs" (the lowest form of a yellow back book) worth £100 or £200.

Leaving the vessel Reeks put his baggage in Simpson's (Hotel) and walked with this girl to St. George's Crescent at the end of Bold-street. There she took a taxicab and went home.

"All trace of Reeks," the police statement continues, "after two o'clock on Monday, January 19, to the time he was found dead (on Tuesday, January 20) has been lost."

WOUNDED IN SKIRMISH.

NAIROBI (British East Africa), Jan. 27.—A telegram received here and officially confirmed reports that a convoy of the King's African Rifles had been skinned with the Bertiella section of the Meru tribe, in which Lieutenant Bentinck was dangerously wounded.

A native officer and three privates were also wounded seriously.—Reuter.

Lieutenant A. W. D. Bentinck, of the Coldstream Guards, is at present serving with the 3rd (East Africa) Battalion of the King's African Rifles. He is twenty-six years of age.

His mother, Countess Aldenburg-Bentinck, lives in Green-street, Park-lane, W.

NATIONAL STRIKE THREATENED.

Fateful Trade Union Conference in Builders' Lock-Out.

100,000 MEN MAY BE IDLE

Grave developments were foreshadowed yesterday in the building trade dispute. The question of a sympathetic strike of all builders' workers in London was overshadowed by the possibility of a general strike throughout the country.

That a national strike may be called before the end of the week was, in fact, openly predicted at meetings of various unions concerned in the lock-out by the London masters' builders.

Throughout the day the men's principal organisation, the London Building Trades Federation, held a series of meetings to consider whether a general strike should be called at once among the whole of the eighteen unions comprised in the federation.

In the afternoon they issued a statement to the effect that reports from the various trades showed a very encouraging response to the committee's appeal. Other matters dealt with were absolutely of private character.

The committee adjourned until two o'clock today.

Meantime the stoppage of work has already meant the loss of several thousands of pounds—one leader's estimate put it at £10,000—but builders who are bound under heavy penalties to conclude work will not be paid.

On at least half a dozen big buildings now in course of erection work has been proceeding night and day, and the loss of two days is a serious matter to the contractors.

"We are preparing for one of the biggest industrial fights this country has ever seen, and one which may not involve the building industries alone," the secretary of one of the largest unions so far involved in the struggle stated yesterday.

ARBITRATION UNLIKELY.

Another prominent leader told *The Daily Mirror* in an interval between meetings of the federation that "London is at present enjoying a calm before the storm."

There does not seem to be any immediate likelihood of arbitration between the parties. Some of the officials of the men's unions are willing to arbitrate and others favour a round table conference with the employers.

Members of the Masters' Association, on the other hand, declare individually that there is nothing to arbitrate upon, and they consider that the agreement to work with non-union men which they have asked the men to sign is fair and reasonable.

Questioning as to the possibility of an immediate general sympathetic strike three of the men's leaders told *The Daily Mirror* that it "was quite likely" that 100,000 men would be out by to-day.

The situation yesterday was further complicated by the possibility of a strike or lockout of workers in the London electrical trade quite apart from the question of a sympathetic strike.

Almost at the same time that the Master Builders' Association issued their ultimatum in regard to sectional strikes against the employment of non-unionists, the electrical employers made similar proposals.

These were rejected by the London District Committee of the Electrical Trades Union as being contrary to the principles of trades unionism.

EXTRA POLICE GUARDS.

After further negotiations the masters offered to meet the men, but as the basis of conference was to be the acceptance of a rule that all men, whether unionist or non-unionist, should work together, this was rejected by the men's representatives.

Last night masters and men met to discuss the whole position, and the masters agreed to meet in conference the two electrical trade unions, which include the engineers at the generating stations. This is a recognition of the men's unions. A crisis is thus postponed.

At the various big unfinished buildings in Kingsway and Westminster work on a small scale proceeded in a desultory fashion.

It was stated at the meeting of the London County Council yesterday that, previous to the dispute, 550 men were engaged in the work on the County Hall, but the number now was only seventy-five.

The resolution passed by the Building Industries Federation in favour of sympathetic action in support of the unions already concerned in the dispute will, if carried into effect, involve plumbers, smiths, fitters; cranemen, electricians and painters.

(Photographs on pages 8 and 9.)

3 HOURS' CABINET MEETING.

A meeting of the Cabinet Council, lasting nearly three hours, took place yesterday afternoon. There was a full attendance of Ministers, and it is understood that there is to be a further meeting to-day.

A sudden and abnormal activity in certain Government departments, says the *Central News*, is believed to be an attempt to lay the first sign of an early general election. The Cabinet is said to be faced with an unexpectedly large deficit at the end of the financial year, and the belief is prevalent that the Government are preparing a new Budget with a large increase of direct taxation on the wealthier classes.

ENGLISHWOMEN'S WATER-POLO WIN.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 27.—A water polo match played here to-night between the London Ladies' Water Polo Club and a Dutch ladies' team resulted in a win for the London club by 3 goals to 2.

A relay swimming race was also won by the London club.—Central News.

SUCKED DOWN TO DEATH.

Fate of Sailors Who Attempted to Rescue Shipwrecked Comrades in Thames.

The story of how three sailors were sucked down with their ship in the Thames was told to *The Daily Mirror* by Captain Poyles, of the schooner *Restless*, of Guernsey, last night.

The schooner was proceeding up river with Portland stone for London, and with a lighthouse just beyond the Moseley Lightship, near Southend, a collision occurred between the vessel and the Port of London Authority's dredger Lord Desborough. As a result, out of the schooner's crew of seven the following were drowned:—

Thomas White, A.B., of Leigh-on-Sea.
J. Kerr, A.B., of Leigh-on-Sea.
John C. Goss, A.B., of Leigh-on-Sea.

The captain, who arrived at Fenchurch-street Station last night with the three other survivors, said:

"When the schooner began to sink four of us managed to clamber aboard the dredger, and quickly lowered one of her boats.

"But when we were only a few yards from the schooner she went under.

"Our boat capsized, and two of us were sucked under by the whirl of the water.

"One of the three men left on the *Restless* was also sucked down.

"The rest of us swam about for close on fifteen minutes before we were found by another boat from the Lord Desborough."

The main grounds of criticism were the following:—

1. The Labour Party "did the grub" and "aped dukes" instead of doing the orange box work outside.

2. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., made secret bargains with the Liberal Party behind the Labour Party's backs.

3. Mr. Parker should have issued a separate report on the proceedings.

Four hundred delegates, representing two million members, attended the conference.

"The Labour members have done, in the circumstances, as much as any forty men could have done," said Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. They had, in fact, done as well as, if not better than, any other forty men who could have been drawn from the trade union movement.

When they went to the House of Commons they had to bet and gamble in order to get a place for their Bills. They had to take part in a sort of lottery.

BETTING AND GAMBLING.

Children's Amusing "Howlers" About

Kikuyu—"Heat Upset Bishops."

Bishops are only human, and must fall out like other men and women.

A class of London schoolboys has just been asked to write on the subject of "Kikuyu," and one of the boys gave the above ingenious reason for the Church controversy.

As few grown-ups have a clear idea of the Kikuyu question, it may be imagined that the essays were full of "howlers." One boy headed his essay, "The Cuckoo Controversy."

The Bishops of Zanzibar, Mombasa and Uganda—the three chief figures in the controversy—come in the young essayists.

Here are some extracts:—

"... these bishops were overworked, and were in need of a long holiday."

"The extreme heat experienced in these districts upset the bishops and made them ill."

"They objected to the services being given in Scotch."

A few typical "howlers" are given below:—

Kikuyu was taken by the Germans from the French at the time of the first Franco-German war. Mother says that they need missionaries over there, everyone carries a gun and the sword, as was done to the Christians in Ancient Rome."

This boy evidently confused Kikuyu with recent events at Zabern.

A SPORTING WEDDING.



Miss Florence Day, daughter of Mr. F. W. Day, the racing and trading magnate, was married yesterday to a person who was married yesterday. The bridegroom, who is also well known in racing circles, beat all comers at a pigeon-shooting meeting (open to the world) at Monte Carlo about three years ago.

HOTCH-POTCH "HAMLET."

A "new version" of "Hamlet" was presented by Mr. William Poel for Mr. Esme Percy at the Little Theatre yesterday.

The play will be on act on what is called the "Gothic method." Among the things omitted was the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," and the result was a hotch-potch "Hamlet."

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Major Atkinson, of Littlehampton, who died from sheer exhaustion during the frost.



Mr. H. C. Gooch, a former M.P. for Peckham, who was elected Alderman of the L.C.C. yesterday.

LABOUR PARTY'S FIERCE CRITICS.

Allegation of Secret Bargains with the Liberals.

"APEING DUKES."

Some biting comments were passed on Parliament at a Labour conference in Glasgow yesterday to consider the policy of the party and its work in the House of Commons.

The main grounds of criticism were the following:—

1. The Labour Party "did the grub" and "aped dukes" instead of doing the orange box work outside.

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When they went to the House of Commons they had to bet and gamble in order to get a place for their Bills. They had to take part in a sort of lottery.

BETTING AND GAMBLING.

1. The Marconi Committee," said Alderman Soden, "had to issue the duty of Parker on that Committee to have issued a separate document, which should have declared that the ethics of what happened were not worthy of the British Parliament."

Another delegate said that the members of the L.L.P. used to be enthusiastic on an orange box at street corners, but now their environment had toned them down; they had lost their enthusiasm and were giving too much attention to apeing dukes.

Mr. W. C. Anderson declared that Labour policy was not destructive enough, and another delegate declared that there was grave dissatisfaction among the rank and file.

"Take the Marconi Committee," said Alderman Soden, "and the duty of Parker on that Committee to have issued a separate document, which should have declared that the ethics of what happened were not worthy of the British Parliament."

Another delegate said that the members of the L.L.P. used to be enthusiastic on an orange box at street corners, but now their environment had toned them down; they had lost their enthusiasm and were giving too much attention to apeing dukes.

Mr. Clynes, M.P., said the charge made by Mr. Parker that bargains were made behind the Speaker's chair was absolutely devoid of foundation. ("Oh, oh!" and applause.)

The report was considered clause by clause and adopted.

ABBREVIATED SUITS.

"Abbreviated" suits for men is the latest decree of fashion.

The tailors have ordained that there shall be reduction all along the line. Even the sacred dress suit is to be abbreviated. It is to be short and form-fitting.

And this is the official decision for an overcoat. Three button, single-breasted, patch pockets, no outside breast pockets, narrow shoulders, small sleeves, extremely form-fitting. Also four buttons, double-breasted. No belts on either coat.

Some of the suits are so abbreviated that it looks as though the designer had taken a bit of cloth from the sample book and evolved a coat, a second sample and evolved a pair of trousers.

SIR E. WOOD AND TERRITORIALS.

Sir Evelyn Wood resigned the chairmanship of the City of London Territorial Force Association at yesterday's quarterly meeting of the association at the Mansion House, and Colonel Bingham was appointed to succeed him.

Sir Evelyn Wood mentioned that the City was still far short of its quota for the defensive forces of the country. Personally his view was that the military defence of the United Kingdom could only be secured by universal military training for every male adult.

DUCHESS ON STRANDED YACHT.

Duke of Manchester and His Wife Ashore Off Colombia.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 27.—A wireless message received here reports that Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt's steam yacht *Warrior* is ashore on the coast of Colombia.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Lord Falconer are among the guests on board. The *Warrior* struck the rocks at Cape Aguatra, near Savanilla.

Vessels are hurrying to the rescue.—Reuter.

Savanilla is a Colombian port on a bay of the Caribbean Sea.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have been the guests of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt in America since Christmas.

Before her marriage in 1900 the Duchess was the second wife of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, the American railway magnate.

The Duke, who is thirty-six years of age, is a Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms and one of the youngest members of His Majesty's Household. He married when only 23 years of age, and is the father of two sons and two daughters.

The Duke and Duchess have spent the greater part of their married life on their Irish estates, to which they added the magnificent castle of Kylemore, in Co. Galway.

On their recent arrival in America Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt entertained the Duke and Duchess with rose honours at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The guests sat at six tables, and in the centre of each table were two mounds of pink and white roses.

£10 FOR A BLOW.

Nurse at Retrial of Case Awarded Damages Against Employer.

Miss Mary Reid, a nurse, who sued her former employer, Mr. Oscar Cupper, of Hanover-gate mansions, Regent's Park, for damages for assault by striking her on the cheek, false imprisonment and summary dismissal, succeeded in establishing her claim in two points before Mr. Justice Scrutton.

The case was a retrial, the jury at the first trial having disagreed. Yesterday's special jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £10 damages, for assault. They found that there had been no false imprisonment, but that summary dismissal was not justified, and they awarded agreed damages in respect of dismissal (£10 2s.), making a total of £10 2s. 2d.

The award was entered accordingly with costs.

Earlier in the day Mrs. Cupper had gone into the witness-box and given her version of the nurse's dismissal.

She said that on the day of the alleged assault she complained to her husband of the nurse's rudeness. They went to the nursery, and Mr. Cupper told the nurse that she would not put up with any more rudeness.

The nurse replied in an insolent manner, whereupon he said: "You came here as a lady nurse, and you have acted as a common woman."

Plaintiff replied that witness was a common woman, and Mr. Cupper then told her to leave the house at once. She refused to go, and was then told by Mr. Cupper that if she did not he would have to put her out.

MOTOR-VAN ABLAZE.



Driving home a burnt-out motor-van, which caught fire on Brixton-hill yesterday. It was laden with petrol, and so violent was the fire that the driver had to jump out of the vehicle before it jumped.

MAJOR'S PATHETIC FAREWELL.

I have been unwell for some time, but well enough to take care that the inland Revenue work was not neglected, and I am not responsible for my actions. My head and thoughts wander.

This letter, written on the day of his disappearance five weeks ago, was read at the inquest yesterday regarding the death of Major Walls, a City assessor of taxes, whose body was discovered in the Thames. The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

Evidence showed that Major Walls, whose countenance had been found to be in first-class order, had been in ill-health since last May.

**The Bishop's Humour**

The Bishop of London, who celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday on Monday, has a lot of humour in his composition. After a game of golf with a lawyer, whose language somewhat shocked the Bishop, someone inquired of Dr. Ingram how he liked the match. "I am afraid," replied the Bishop, "that my opponent's profession has undermined his sense of justice, for over and over again I heard him ask Heaven to condemn his caddie prematurely for his misdeeds."

Guarding Against Jealousy.

Dr. Ingram is a bachelor, but is very fond of children. Before he became Bishop of London a lady once asked him how he managed to find sufficient words of praise for all the babies he had to christen without making the mothers jealous. "Oh," was the answer, "I just take the baby in my arms, rock it to and fro, and say 'This is indeed a baby!'"

Lord Denman and Utter Helplessness.

Lord Denman, who is resigning the Governor-Generalship of Australia, once had a disconcerting experience in South Africa, where he served with the Middlesex Yeomanry during the Boer war. "At Moon River," he writes, "our train was several hours late, and we were left tied up in our stretchers on the platform, so helpless as to evoke the derision of some kaffir boys, who mocked and jeered at us. I then appreciated what utter helplessness was, and if for that sunny siding at a wayside station in Natal you substitute a red bench in the Lords, I seem to have been in a similar predicament ever since."

Ragtime Soup.

The musical meal has its drawbacks. The other evening at dinner I noticed a country clergyman trying to eat his soup to the tune of "The Ragtime Boogie Boo." The result was not entirely successful.

The Cares of Carson.

I hear that Sir Edward Carson, without being in any way ill at the present time, is decidedly delicate. The strain of the great Unionist Ulster campaign has told heavily upon him. "He has aged more in the past ten months than in the previous ten years," a personal friend told me yesterday.

Graves in Revue.

When Mr. George Graves finishes his engagement in pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre he will join the cast of "Hullo, Tango!" at the London Hippodrome. By that time Mr. Billy Merson will also have been released from pantomime engagements. Thus we shall have George Graves, Billy Merson and Harry Tate playing on the same stage. The mind reels when one thinks of salary.

Mr. George Graves.

WOMAN ASTRONOMER.

Miner Correspondent Who Takes the Deepest Interest in the Stars.

Mrs. H. Periam Hawkins, of Betchworth, Surrey, is one of the very few women in the world who are astronomers and write interestingly and entertainingly about the science. She has just published the "A.B.C. Guide to Astronomy," which is full of fascinating facts about the science.

When *The Daily Mirror* mentioned to Mrs. Hawkins that it seemed unusual for a woman to write such a book, she said:—

"I have always had a full share of a woman's duties and responsibilities, and this to me quite possible to any woman who has a keen interest in the subject and the desire that others should know something of the delight which such a study can give."

Astronomy, more than any other branch of study, helps us to realize the importance of little things, for it tells us that the smallest atom, the tiniest speck, could not be spared without loss to the whole Universe; that, in one form or another, all things must always exist, and that we should teach us the true value of every individual life."

"The study can be a fascinating one even to those who have to work hard for their living. One of my most enthusiastic correspondents is a woman who works nearly twelve hours a day for 11s. a week only, but she delights in astronomy. She has a working friend who makes fine telescopes in his leisure hours."

Another correspondent tells me he has worked in the mines for thirty years, but has always felt the deepest interest and pleasure in the subject.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP**War Office Worries.**

In addition to the departmental anxiety over the canteen trial, the War Office has another worry on hand in the forthcoming libel action. Major Adam, the ex-M.P. for Woolwich, is the plaintiff, and the nominal defendant is Colonel Sir Edward Ward. The case should have been opened this week, but has been postponed partly on account of the illness of Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P., and also on account of the other urgent calls now being made on the War Office. Mr. Duke is the leading counsel for Major Adam.

Booklover's London.

Mr. A. St. John Adcock, whose new book, "The Booklover's London," has been so favourably received by the critics, probably shares with Mr. Wilfrid Whitten the distinction of knowing more about London than any living writer. But Mr. Adcock is no longer a Londoner. Two or three years ago he retired to the briny seclusion of Leigh-on-Sea, from whence he makes a weekly descent upon the metropolis.

The Waltz Will Return.

The tango has practically gone, and the suggested substitutes have not captured the public's imagination. This season is going to see a great revival of the waltz.

Briefless but Happy.

How the briefless barrister keeps cheerful is a mystery to me. I met one the other day who confessed that he had not had a brief for five years. He kept himself occupied and amused by writing comedies, which he subsequently destroyed.

The Old Vic.

The Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road—it is still known to its habitués as the "Old Vic"—is to be given over to grand opera. In former days the "Vic" enjoyed—or suffered from—a reputation for rowdiness. Once when Kean was playing there he appeared before the curtain in response to a clamorous call. "What do you want?" he asked of the audience. "You!" was the reply. "Well," said Kean, "I have played in every civilised country where English is the language of the people, and I never acted to such an audience of unmilitated brutes before!"

Famous Jockey Better.

I was very glad to learn from a great friend of yesterday that Danny Maher, probably the greatest jockey riding to-day, who has been very seriously ill for some time past, is now well on the high road to recovery. Maher has a charming house at Cropwell, near Nottingham, and usually spends the winter in hunting and skiing. He hunts with George Williamson—Manifesto's Grand National jockey—most days, and skis with Skeets Martin, who met with such a bad accident.

THE RAMBLER.

Mr. Danny Maher.

Many Parts.

Miss Marga La Rubia, who is playing Gobette in the first touring company of "Who's the Lady?" at Dalston this week, is the wife of José G. Levy, the adapter of that highly-successful farce. It may be remembered that some time ago Miss La Rubia created something of a record by playing each evening five broadly-contrasted parts in as many one-act plays, and, moreover, played them twice nightly. This was in José Levy's Grand Guignol Repertory Company. Quite lately Miss La Rubia has been playing in a one-act play, written by herself, entitled "The Heart of an Actress."

Round Chapel.

A correspondent writes to me regarding the proposal to convert a round chapel at Hersham into a picture palace. This building, together with another at Leicester, he supposes to be the only rounded chapels in the kingdom. The Ring, Blackfriars-road, was another of these rounded chapels—designed by architects so that the Prince of Darkness could find no corner in which to hide himself.

Mr. Edwardes's Best.

Mr. George Edwardes, whose reported retirement from the Turf is denied, was telling me the other day that of the many horses he has ever owned he considers that Santoi was the best. "Santoi," he said, "at one time and another put up some very smart performances indeed, but I think that his 'star' effort was when he gave the winner of the Manchester Spring Cup 361b., got left a hundred yards at the start, and finally won by a hundred yards. Something like a good race, eh?" Santoi, of course, was named after Mr. Edwardes's great musical comedy success at Daly's—and afterwards all the world over.

How Fashions Are Made.

At a West End restaurant last night a woman entered with the side of her skirt slashed down almost from knee to ankle. "I suppose that is the latest fashion, but I don't like it," said another woman. As a matter of fact, the "latest fashion" had been caused by a nail in a theatre cloak-room.

Bare-Backed Photographs.

This is an undressing age. The Press and the public have born witness to this fact, and so has the photographer. The latest craze in what is called "art photography" is the "bare-backed photograph." The front of a West End theatre at the present moment is decorated with studies of the back of a popular actress.

The Warmest Carriages?

Does position make any difference to the warmth of a railway carriage? I am told that carriages in the middle of a train are always warmer than others.



Miss Marga La Rubia, now playing in "Who's the Lady?" the successful play adapted by her husband, Mr. José G. Levy, from the French.

The Waldorf Like Epsom.

I walked into the Waldorf Hotel on Monday night and thought for the moment that I had strayed into Epsom. Everywhere I went I stumbled across a popular jockey. What was the explanation of this great gathering of horsemen? Why, they had all come to town to witness the great glove contest at the National between those well-known steeplechase riders, "Winnie" O'Connor and "Spinks" Walkington.

The Child and the Coal Strike.

There has been one pitiful little result of the coal strike—in the poorer districts, where there is a world of difference between a halfpenny and a penny, the children's packet of sweets has been abolished. For when parents are out of work and food is dear, the poor man's budget does not allow of pocket money for the little folk. Many a London youngster who looked up on his Saturday penny as a customary right was sorrowfully grieved to find that, after all, it is a privilege to be withheld or cut down. At a small sweet stall off the Euston-road, where there is the market for coal porters and railway employees, I was told that where usually about thirty children bought sweets, not a single child had bought anything. Sitting on an empty barrow were four little girls. Two of them had had no pocket money. One had had a halfpenny, and the other had a farthing. The four children were sharing three ounces of sweets between them. Asked what their usual pocket money was, they replied, "A penny."

Parfilage on "Parsifal."

People with a sense of humour are looking forward keenly to the performance of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden for the sake of the musical criticisms in the daily Press. Musical critics have achieved some remarkable feats of incoherence in the past. This time they should surpass all former efforts.

The Poor Novelist.

How do novelists live? I am sure I do not know, but many people are asking the question in the literary world just now. As a general rule, the novel as a source of income is an exploded force.

He Took to the Taxi.

Caine, Corelli, Barclay and Co., may make their tens of thousands, but in the world of letters, as in the world of the theatre, the disparity in earnings between popular stars and the common or garden person is as ridiculous as it is remarkable. Last year a very capable novelist took to driving a taxi-cab in despair. Others have adopted less honourable professions. The £2 a week chorus girl may have her grievances, but her condition is opulent in comparison with that of the average novelist.

Slashed Skirt Doomed.

Slit Frocks Not Included in the Coming Spring Fashions.

The Slashed Skirt is Doomed.

That is the opinion of a buyer to a large establishment in the West End, who has just returned to London after studying the spring fashions in Paris.

"Although the definite fashions are not really divided till next month," he said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "there is absolutely no sign that the slashed skirt with the slit running up to the knee will be worn again."

"Skirts will still be narrow at the feet, but will be wide around the hips. There will be a little curved indentation at the hem of the skirt in the front, allowing freedom for the feet."

"Dresses for daytime wear are to be more decolleté than ever, and are to be trimmed around the decolletage with frills and laces."

Afternoon dresses are to be longer and are to have short trains and tails.

All tailored suits will have a loose effect, and the kimono sleeve will be prominent in the design of the new tailored spring costumes. The sleeves will be tightened toward the wrists.

Bright colours—of which the most popular are golden, golden brown, and cerise—are to be worn, and shoes and stockings must match the dresses.

A motor-van, laden with petrol, belonging to Messrs. Pickford caught fire on Brixton-hill yesterday and was practically burned out.

SERVANTS BY WIRELESS.

How Hundreds of Employers Besiege Labour Bureaux in Australasia.

Is there a demand for marriageable English girls in Australasia?

This is one of the many interesting questions raised in the annual report and interim report of the Dominions Royal Commission, published by the Colonial Office last month.

"The presence of a considerable surplus of men (such as exists in Australasia) creates the expectation that the women there would marry younger and more easily than in the United Kingdom."

The demand for female domestics both in Australia and New Zealand is "impersonal and practically unmet."

"In some cases, before a ship carrying women migrants sights the land a large number of its passengers have been engaged by wireless telegraphy. In other cases would-be employers go out in tugs to meet it."

"On the day of its arrival in port, or on one of the following days, according to the varying customs of different places, something recalling the scene of the hiring fair takes place at the receiving house of the labour bureaux."

"Hiring employers attend in hundreds, and all the servants with any pretensions to skill and character are engaged at once."

On Page 11— Girl Students' Life in London; White and Gold Wedding; Is Massage a Wrinkle Producer.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of "The Daily Mirror" are at 23-29, BOUVERIE-STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 6100 Hichorn (five lines). PROVISIONAL CALLS: 125 T.S. London. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refexed," Fleet, London. PARIS OFFICE: 36, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1914.

POLAR FRENCH.

THOSE slow at learning languages will have heard, with bitterest envy in their hearts that a gallant Englishman, Commander Evans, has taken the shortest way with the difficult French idiom, and has learnt that language in fifteen days well enough to deliver a lecture to French people, in French, at the Sorbonne. Even poor Harry Frasgon's progress was not so wonderful as that, and we see that it has been suggested that polar solitudes are responsible for this linguistic faculty in Commander Evans.

It used always to be supposed that, in order to learn a language, there was no better way than to go amongst the "natives" and talk to them. Now, however, it is clear that the swifter way is to go apart into some lonely place and meditate—then come back and learn the language in fifteen days. Solitude, it is suggested, prepares the ground. You learn anything quickly after a year or more at the Pole.

But, indeed, always the learning of languages is a mysterious incalculable business. Like the musical faculty, the linguistic, is, we notice, a gift separable from all general intelligence. Some people who can do nothing else can speak in six or seven tongues. We are not thinking now of the hotel concierge, but of those who really have a grasp of the idioms they use; wonderful people, too, who can pass swiftly from one to another, from French to German, from Spanish to Italian, and so on. More often one is impelled, when addressing a German, to pour forth voluble French; whereas in France the only language we feel disposed to speak is German—another psychological mystery in connection with languages which we have never seen satisfactorily explained.

But there is one thing to console those tongue-tied, and obliged, in diplomatic phrase, "to keep silence in seven languages"; and that is the ambiguity attaching to the words *speak* or *know* in connection with foreign tongues.

Let us suppose that you happen to ask a friend if he speaks French. Oh, yes, certainly he does. And German? German too. Spanish? Italian? Both of them. Wonderful man!

You envy; but you envy less if you are given an opportunity of hearing these languages as he speaks them.

You meet him, one day by chance, in Paris and lunch at Prunier's with him. He is ordering the lunch, so he speaks the French, and his French is of the elementary phrase-book type, odiously pronounced. You tremble with embarrassment as he asks the waiter what's ready. You pray that you may never hear his German or his Italian.

And this, precisely, is what most people mean when they talk about speaking languages. They mean that they can "get on" in them, "make themselves understood" in them, and incidentally torture all who happen to know them properly. Therefore, before we envy the many-tongued we also, before we are amazed at Commander Evans, we must hear him lecture at the Sorbonne.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

REVENGE OF THE MIDDLE-CLASSES.

WILL you grant me the hospitality of your widely-read journal for a few remarks on the coal-porters' strike?

We of the middle-classes, must, as usual in all crises of this kind submit to our lords and masters, the self-seeking working classes, notwithstanding that through their crudity and lawlessness they threaten the lives of the sufferers in hospitals, or those in private families ill in such weather as this with bronchitis or pneumonia.

In all cases like this we are helpless and must give in, but it strikes me, as we are human, it would be a slight satisfaction to indulge in a mild revenge, such as the following:—

Whenever, in ordinary times, coal is delivered to the household, a message like this is brought up to the mistress, "Please, mum, cook says the coalmen want a trifle for shovelling the coals." At

POINTS FOR EMPLOYERS.

YOU'LL readers, complaining of impoliteness on the part of their employers, seem to forget that it is the employer's man's job they must expect to be treated as fair as possible say men.

No one will defend bad language, either to male or female employees, but leaving a hat on burrs nobody.

An office is a place of business and strictly utilitarian; it is not a drawing-room. Some girls expect all the privileges of their own sex and the rights of the opposite sex, too.

AN EMPLOYER OF MALE CLERKS.

WE agree with "Typist" that the fact of managers keeping their hats on in a woman's presence in the office seems a small thing.

Such things seem the order of the day in our business, and single men are the worst offenders.

EVERY MILLIONAIRE HIS OWN COAL PORTER.



The well-to-do have lately been seen conveying coal to their own houses. Little by little, if this goes on, they will modify their costume for the needs of their new tasks and the millionaire coal-porter will be quite a common sight! (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

least shleppe, and sometimes a shilling, is given. Consider that the men deliver coals to four or five different places in the day this means a tidy sum to their already good wages.

Now I, for one, am determined to turn a deaf ear to this demand and no more "trifles" are going that way. And if some others would join in this resolve it might make just a little difference to the despots who cause so much suffering. M. L.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

More about coal and means of dealing with the crisis. As it recurs every winter or summer, this crisis, we may soon expect that householders will seek, in clear seasons, to provide themselves with coal in advance, in case of a famine.

It is possible to be a "business man" and yet to be poor. It is possible to be a "business man" and yet to be poor. It is possible to be a "business man" and yet to be poor. The perfect employer—what he is and how he behaves. See our correspondence on this point.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 6d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouvierie-street, E.C.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Our Readers Join in Discussion on the Relations Between the Two.

SOME of your correspondents suggest that love and marriage are incompatible, and the suggestion is derived from observation. I ask, in the name of common sense, is it reasonable to expect that it should be otherwise?

Marriage is a contract, and a very ugly one at that, when it is stripped of all its glamour. It is a contract with an ugly history if we only take the trouble to look back far enough—and not so very far either—when brides were practically sold by their fathers; and it is in the very essence of a contract that the contracting parties are equals, one trying to get a maximum, the other to give a minimum. Enter into a contract and you are under compulsion.

Love is the antithesis of compulsion. Love cannot live in an atmosphere of compulsion. It is perfectly logical that lovers are happy in each other, and that married people are not. That some of the latter remain lovers does not affect the principle, for there are always exceptional people who waive the terms of a contract.

I share a wonderfully happy life with a noble woman, but we are not married.

We are too happy in our perfect harmony to care to risk losing our happiness by a contract of bondage. I have been married, and, with the exception of the first year or two, my married life was hell upon earth. And I know numbers of parallel cases.

UNION VERSUS MARRIAGE.

THERE can be no doubt that, speaking generally, marriage kills love; this unhappy fact is too obvious to be seriously disputed. I am only too glad to admit that there are exceptions to this rule, but they are painfully scarce.

Few seem to realise that love is spontaneous; that it cannot be forced or bound, and, therefore, it is as sensible to vow never to be ill as to vow to always love another person.

I think that "Tired Men" hit the nail on the head when he said that the chief reason for love disappearing after marriage is found in the one word "possession." As long as men feel that they own their wives, whether their motor-cars or their dogs, there will be little love or sureness in marriage. (Miss KATHLEEN OLIVER, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea.)

I FIND it quite impossible to agree with "Reason" that marriage kills love.

If it were so, how do we explain why there are so many hundreds of happy homes in the world to-day? I believe that love never dies, and that the reason for so many divorce cases and unhappy marriages is that couples nowadays get married before they have known each other long enough to prove their love and before they have found out whether they are suited for one another.

A perfect knowledge of each other, and a love which seeks to help and share the pleasures and difficulties of life, cannot but bring about a marriage that shall be a lasting and rich blessing to both. We sometimes say: "Love is the greatest power in the world," and I think the majority of thinking people believe it to be so, but we are making it a very weak and trifling thing if we say it is killed by "marriage."

AN ENDEAVOURER.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 27.—The winter is a good time to renovate gravel walks. If they were properly laid down in the first place (with a good foundation of stones and several inches of gravel) the surface can be weeded, turned over and rolled firmly down again. Another way is to thoroughly loosen the surface, mix it with some good, fresh gravel and then roll down.

Ground intended for sweet-peas must be dug over as deeply as possible. The work must, of course, only be attempted in dry and open weather. Stir the soil to a depth of two or three feet, making it fairly rich. Leave the surface in a rough condition and sprinkle plenty of lime over it.

E. F. T.

Statue of King Edward Unveiled in Paris.



The unveiling ceremony of the equestrian statue by Landowski to the late King Edward in the Rue Edouard VII, in Paris, on Monday. A large crowd of all classes of Parisians attended the ceremony. King Edward was very popular in Paris, where he was known as "the most Parisian of Kings."

WILL IT SOLVE THE MATINEE HAT PROBLEM?



Miss Mikum wearing the hat.



The hat collapsed under her arm.

Miss Mika Mikum, who has been appearing at the Palace, has invented and patented a special hat for matinees and similar occasions. When taken off it collapses like a man's opera hat, and can be put under the seat or held on the wearer's knee.—(E. O. Hoppe.)

Dynamiting a Chimney.



This remarkable explosion was the result of dynamiting a cement oven and its tall chimney near Fehrd, Brandenburg, in Germany. Four ovens in all were removed in this violent manner.

HARES IN A BARLEY FIELD.



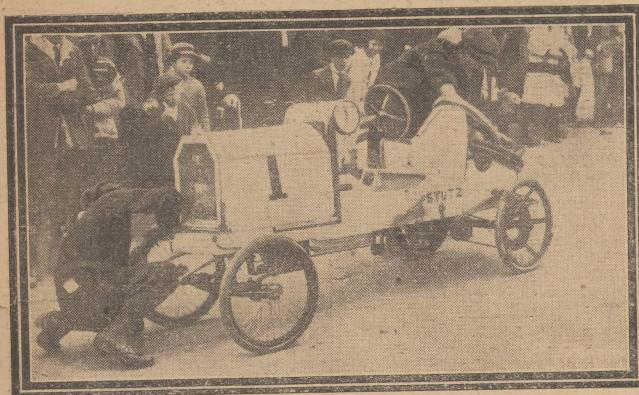
Mr. G. W. Taylor.



Sir R. Winfrey.

Mr. G. W. Taylor, of Swaffham, has sent a £100 challenge to Sir Richard Winfrey, M.P. for South-West Norfolk, concerning a statement he made about hares in a barley field.

THE VANDERBILT CUP MINIATURE MOTOR RACES IN CALIFORNIA FOR HOME

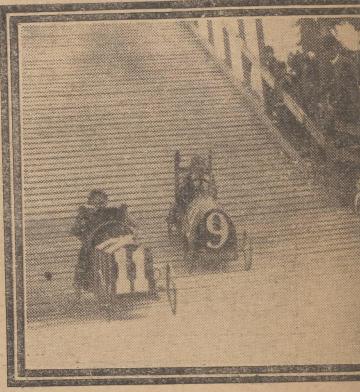


The "Stutz," one of the real motors, makes a tire change.

Some interesting and novel races have recently been held at Venice, California. Two classes of "motor-cars" were competing, one, real motor-cars, home-made, and the other



A. Van Franklin, winner of motor events.



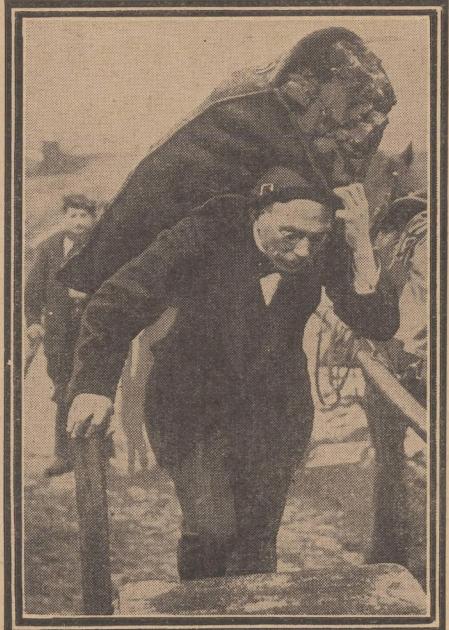
Two "pushmobiles" coming down the incline.

"pushmobiles," the only motive power for which was that supplied by the driver. Boys acted as chauffeurs, and some 10,000 people watched an interesting series of races. The

END OF THE COAL STRIKE IN VIEW.

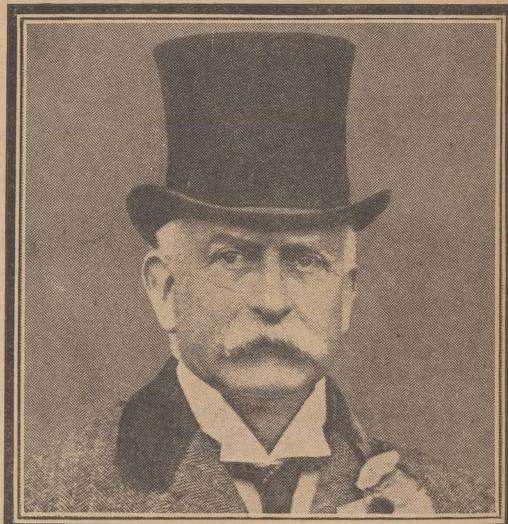


haven't any at home."



Sir Edwin Cornwall's brother.

Col. A. E. Whitaker: An Apology.



The Daily Mirror yesterday published the above photograph of Colonel A. E. Whitaker, commanding the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry, late 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, as that of an officer defendant in the Army canteen case. This was a deplorable error due to the blunder of a correspondent. Colonel A. E. Whitaker has no connection with the Colonel Whitaker mentioned in the canteens case, and *The Daily Mirror* extends to a gentleman of unblemished character sincere apologies for the annoyance caused him.



ing to learn.

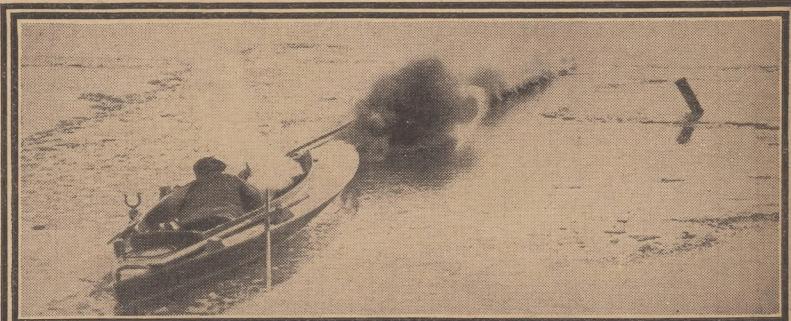


Navvy.



Labourer.

WILDFOWLING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.



The recent spell of north-east winds and hard weather has been heartily welcomed by wildfowlers, for their best sport is obtained in such weather conditions. The picture shows a punt gunner on the Norfolk Broads firing at a flight of duck feeding on the mud banks in the distance.

REAL MOTOR-CARS" AND "PUSHMOBILES" WHICH HAVE NO MECHANICAL POWER.



A HEROINE'S PUPPY.



a real motor-car, but has no engine.

F. Birley in a home-made "real motor."

A "pushmobile" upsets at the foot of the incline.

Boys having to coast with their own momentum to a mark 100 yards from the foot of the hill, at which point the drivers, who were boys, had to jump and push to the top of another incline, down which they again coasted.

Miss Barnes Moss, who has saved life, with the puppy she exhibited at Clapham Dog Show.

A Happy Baby means a Happy Home & a Happy Mother

There is no misery, worry, or anxiety to equal a mother's when she sees her poor wee mite gradually fading away—no trouble, time, care, or attention is spared.

If the loving care of a mother could win back the roses to baby's cheeks, he would soon be a romping little mite: but love alone, even a mother's love, will not restore his shattered health. Baby must have a food that will nourish him—a food from which his weakened little digestive organs can extract nutriment—a food that will satisfy his hunger and build up his little body so that he can grow bigger, stronger, and healthier day by day.

Such a food is a healthy mother's breast-milk—provided it is plentiful enough and rich enough to satisfy baby. But if it is deficient in quantity or poor in quality, these deficiencies can generally be overcome by the mother herself taking a cup of Glaxo, made hot and strong, every day.

Or she can give baby Glaxo in turn with the breast, and only a mother who has fed her baby in this way can appreciate what a comfort it is. Should she have to go away suddenly, should she become sick, or from any cause be delayed and prevented from getting home at baby's regular feeding time—she does not have to hurry, get excited, overheated and tired (bad things for a nursing mother)—she leisurely takes her time, because she knows baby can have his bottle of Glaxo, will be satisfied and contented, and that his next feed can be breast-milk.

Glaxo can be given in turn with the breast with every advantage and without fear of digestive disturbance, because Glaxo is not an artificial food. There is nothing artificial or secret about it—Glaxo is simply pure cow's milk with extra cream and milk-sugar added, and the Glaxo process causes the nourishing curd of the milk



The Happy Mother of this Bonnie Baby says:

"To look at this photograph you would scarcely credit that, when she was a month old, she was so delicate and puny we were told we should never rear her.

"On account of illness it was impossible for me to feed her, and although we tried several different foods we found them too heavy, and therefore indigestible, and she was sinking gradually, having no nourishment.

"We tried Glaxo as a last resource, and from the first bottle she improved out of all knowledge and put on good solid flesh. Her weight at 15 months is 28 lbs., and she enjoys perfect health. She is a living testimonial of Glaxo."



*Awarded Gold Medal
International Medical Congress
Exhibition, 1913.*

By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

1/-, 2/-, 5/- Tins, or all Chemist's and Stores.

A Complete Food for all Babies from birth.

to form into tiny, tender particles easily and quickly digested by even a very young or delicate baby.

The extra cream causes Glaxo to have the same proportion of fat as normal breast-milk. This is very important, because a baby fed on a food which does not contain sufficient fat is extremely likely to develop rickets.

Another important point is that Glaxo contains neither cane-sugar, flour, nor starchy substances—consequently Glaxo-fed babies have firm flesh, hard bones, plenty of muscle, and a constitution strong enough to resist the ailments of childhood.

For these reasons, if baby cannot have breast-milk he should be fed on Glaxo from birth. Thousands of babies, many of them very weak at birth, have been steadily, day by day, built up by Glaxo into strong, healthy kiddies, and a joy and comfort to their happy mothers.

Glaxo is a complete food in itself, and is prepared by simply adding hot water—no milk or cream has to be added, only hot water. That is why Glaxo is not only the easiest food to prepare, but so inexpensive; in fact, there is only one thing cheaper than the 2s. tin of Glaxo, and that is the 5s. tin, which contains three times the quantity.

Give your baby Glaxo, and after the first few feeds see the difference. See how satisfied he is—how peacefully he sleeps—how contented and happy he is! The characteristic cry of the non-thriving baby ceases, the wrinkles on the little forehead disappear, the frightened, pained look in the eyes is replaced by a look of bright intelligence and contentment—and Happiness for both Mother and Baby reigns supreme in that Happy Home.

Ask your Doctor.

We Offer Free

**Post this Coupon To-day
or Send a Postcard**

To GLAXO, 45 b, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby.

Name _____

Address _____

Chemist's Name _____

Chemist's Address _____

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

(D.M.R. 28/1/14)

TO EVERYONE WHO LOVES A BABY a present of the beautifully illustrated 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK. How useful this book is can be seen by the Index. It also contains many beautiful photographs and a large number of letters from doctors, nurses, and mothers who have used Glaxo. Send the Coupon—or a postcard—to-day. If you enclose 3d. in stamps, a Trial Tin of Glaxo (sufficient for a full day's feed for a three months old baby) will also be supplied to you.

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THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

GIRL STUDENTS' LIFE IN LONDON.

Ways and Means of Training for a Profession on £2 a Week.

DIFFICULTIES OF CHOICE.

It is quite possible to live in London and study a profession on £2 a week, although the choice of professions is limited, many requiring too long a training for the girl who has to be self-supporting in a comparatively short period.

There are many residential clubs or hostels for the professional woman, where she can live cheaply and yet have pleasant surroundings and come in contact with those who have attained success in their profession and are willing and even anxious to help those still striving.

Again, living in the centre of things, she has opportunities of attending lectures on whatever subject is most important to her, concerts if she is a musician, theatres if she wants to become an actress, and exhibitions if art is her goal.

BEWARE THE OVERTROD.

I would strongly urge any girl choosing a profession to select one which is not overstocked. Numbers of girls, convinced that they can at once achieve fame on the stage, fail to realise the real drudgery entailed, the weary searching for work, the careful husbanding of slender resources when out of work.

Then there are the difficulties attending the disposal of pictures when they are painted, the few openings on the concert platform for pianists or singers, and, indeed, the overcrowding of almost every profession.

Dispensing offers many advantages. It is possible to be apprenticed to a chemist for three years as resident pupil for a certain sum, which will leave sufficient over for dress and expenses. There are lady chemists, who take pupils and after three years a girl can enter for the "minor" examination. There is also a preliminary examination to be passed, usually before apprenticeship.

WRITERS AND ACTRESSES.

To a girl with a decided talent, the wage-earning period is reached in journalism, which can allow 25s. for her board and residence and personal expenditure, then other 15s. going to the hire of a typewriter and subscription to the Society of Women Journalists (which for a town member is 2s. per annum), and cost of attending lectures, debates, etc., to take shorthand notes when a fair speed has been attained.

If the girl is to live entirely "on her own" she can allow 25s. for her board and residence and personal expenditure, then other 15s. going to the hire of a typewriter and subscription to the Society of Women Journalists (which for a town member is 2s. per annum), and cost of attending lectures, debates, etc., to take shorthand notes when a fair speed has been attained.

To train for an actress at a good academy or dramatic school would take £52 each year. The fees would be about £30 to £40, and the remainder would be needed for books and special dresses to wear at the performances given, so that the remaining £32 would have to suffice for all else.

THE LAUNDRY MANAGERESS.

A lucrative profession, but one needing excellent health and strength, is that of manageress of a laundry. In some cases a premium is asked—usually about £30—but at the end of the first year 30s. to 35s. may be earned weekly, and that sum may be steadily increased. At first a post as assistant manageress would be obtained at this salary, but later it is possible to earn as much as £400 a year, a sufficient sum and the most robust health.

For the girl who wants £2 a week for an indefinite time, and perhaps has only £100 capital, a profession promising a substantial return at the end of one year must be chosen. K. C.

SENSATIONAL HAIR GROWTH AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS' BALDNESS.

HOW SPECIALISTS EXPLAIN IT.

The remarkable case of Mr. Kirkham, who in a recently published letter tells how he grew a fine head of hair after fifteen years of baldness by using Lavona Hair Tonic, aroused great interest on the part of Hair specialists, all of whom admit that no ordinary preparation could have produced such results. Leading specialists who were consulted have examined Lavona Hair Tonic and agree that its remarkable hair-growing power is doubtless due to the presence in liberal quantities of Lavona de Composee, an expensive vegetable extract, generally admitted to be the greatest known stimulant of hair growth. These same specialists say that the secret of the presence of this ingredient that chemists all over the United Kingdom are able and willing to give their personal signed guarantee of satisfaction or money returned with every bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic sold. This guarantee of satisfaction, being peculiar to Lavona Hair Tonic alone, is one of the strongest reasons why you should go to your chemist to-day and get a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, "the kind that's guaranteed to grow hair or money back!"—(Advt.)

GOLD AND WHITE WEDDING

What Lord Knaresborough's Daughter and Her Bridesmaids Will Wear To-day.

A gold and white wedding takes place at St. Peter's Eaton-square, to-day, when the Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson, daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, becomes the bride of Mr. Richard Leigh. She will be attended by ten bridesmaids. Her gown (by Reville and Rossiter) is made of white chamoisee, embroidered with gold and white bugles. It is very simply and picturesquely draped in the classical manner, and has a cross-over corsage and vest filled in with white tulle, and elbow sleeves decorated with gold embroidery.

A radiant impression conveyed by the dress is emphasized by a train of white and gold brocade, upon which beautiful material at the foot of the train, a huge bow of gold tissue and orange blossom appears, matched by the knot and trails of the nuptial flower, arranged upon the waistline in front.

Gold tissue and white chiffon toilettes are to be worn by the bridesmaids, the tunics, with their scalloped hem, being embroidered with gold. Very becoming gold lace collars falling over the white chiffon shoulder draperies add to the beauty of the frocks, and the broad gold tissue waistbelts are also most effective.

"JENNIE" GOES BACK TO WORK.



Jennie is the donkey collector for the Great Northern Central Hospital. She has recently been in the doctor's hands owing to injuries received from a fierce bulldog. She is now well again and back at her duties. The small child in the picture is putting a coin in Jennie's box.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

New Idea Is to Clothe Receiver with the Dress of a Modern Doll.

To mask the telephone is one of the fashion-able woman's latest caprices. She says it is not a beauteous object, standing bare upon her escritoire, and, moreover, has a habit of attracting dust.

So she is disguising it as a telephone girl—in other words, hiding it beneath the dress of a very piquant doll, habited a la mode. She makes a copy of the teapot type, and with it entirely covers the desk receiver.

The wall telephone may be disguised in the same way.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 80.



Charming variety marks this series, in which readers are left to guess the names. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names. The names will be published in the next number of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits are appearing. (Caswell Smith.)

"EVILS OF MASSAGE."

Lady Doctor Says It Is Not a Complexion Preserver, but a Wrinkle Producer.

SEE EFFECT ROUND THE EYES!

Here is a puzzle for women! There is one thing more than another which they believe to be good for preserving the complexion in massage. Yet Dr. Eugenia Hancock, one of New York's leading physicians, has just uttered a strong warning against the practice.

"Massage is a very bad thing," she says. "The effort to improve the skin should commence inside, not outside."

Massage hastens the very evil it is intended to correct, for it actually brings wrinkles.

"There is a delicate little tissue which draws together the skin cells of the face and keeps them firm. By a succession of violent rubbings this tissue is broken down and destroyed, so that there are left flabby, sagging areas of skin."

"This effect is particularly obvious around the eyes of women who have had many massage treatments. I have seen an old washerwoman with a firmer, clearer, rosier skin than that of a rich



Nothing makes the complexion look nicer or keeps the hands softer and whiter than a daily wash with

PALMOLIVE

Soap.

Made from Palm Oil and Olive Oil, famous as beautifiers centuries ago, and unsurpassed to-day for their beneficial action on the skin, PALMOLIVE is essentially an aid to beauty.

When the face is tender through exposure to wind or from other causes, and ordinary soap is something to dread, the creamy lather of PALMOLIVE will soothe the inflamed skin and allay irritation.

PALMOLIVE contains no free alkali, no artificial colouring, no pungent scent. It derives its delicate pale green tint from the saponification of the famous vegetable oils of which it is composed.

The perfume of PALMOLIVE has been aptly described as being like "A breath from the Orient."

Beautiful women the world over are eloquent in their praise of PALMOLIVE.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemists for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps, with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

CREME ANTIRIDES

Removes Wrinkles

To obtain a perfectly smooth skin—always use this perfect Skin Food.

In jars, 2s, 4s, 7s. Large sample 7d.

Perfumerie E. LA ROSE,
3, South Molton Street, London, W.

CREME ANTIRIDES

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You 10/-

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You could buy as much or as good cough syrup for 12s. 6d.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough. 2s. 6d. will buy a pint of sugar, a bottle of water, a few spoons. Children like it. Excellent, too, for colds, influenza, whooping cough, croup, chest soreness, and throat and lung troubles.

Mix one and a half breakfast cups of granulated sugar with one breakfast cup of hot water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2s. 6d. in a bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. Take two teaspoonfuls every two hours. Mix the most valuable extract of genuine Norway Pine, rich in guaiacol, which is so healing to the membranes. The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, though never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money refunded, goes with this recipe. Your chemist has Pine oil, or can easily get it for you. If not, send 2s. 6d. to Pinex Co., 38, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.—(Advt.)

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

FRITZ KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to America to earn money and to seek assistance of anyone. He had done what he had done off his own bat, and gloried in the fact. But it had occurred to him that Suzanne might lend him a hand in the fight he was going to put up against drink—might help to keep him up to the scratch. He was proud of her in a proprietary kind of way, as some men are proud of some objet de vert they may have acquired, because they recognise its superiority to articles of the same class in possession of others, though quite incapable of appreciating its worth and distinctive beauties.

MICHAEL CLOAN, known as "Rajah" Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East. CAROLINE CLOAN, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette. REGGIE LOMBARD, Kavanagh's cousin.

THE STORY.

The story opens on the Moluccas, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, the beautiful wife of Michael Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East. Suzanne Cloan is a woman with the reputation of not a suitable husband for a woman with the wealth and taste of Suzanne Cloan. But the young man realises that Cloan Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

Eight months afterwards, Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The Rajah is a tall, round man, and Kavanagh is attracted by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan. Kavanagh accepts, and Cloan, who is a man of few words, is pleased. But when he arrives at the house he finds his wife is away. He discerns that there is a trace of Suzanne's unhappiness.

After the first kiss falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh, who has never seen an armful of native labour and for a woman with the wealth and taste of Suzanne Cloan. But the young man realises that Cloan Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

After the first kiss falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh, who has never seen an armful of native labour and for a woman with the wealth and taste of Suzanne Cloan. But the young man realises that Cloan Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

And then, suddenly, her body becomes rigid. She starts past him. He releases her and swipes round.

The Rajah, who stands on the threshold, steady himself against the jutted. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Concussion results. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and a doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night, Cloan not having recovered consciousness.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard, and the two men lead Kavanagh from Lombard's room to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's overcoat from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts this overcoat on, and goes to see Cloan. It is a short love letter addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Almae," and the address on the notepaper, "The Rock, Richmond-on-Thames."

Kavanagh puts on his coat, but it is brought back to him when Lombard tells him that he has not got away with this. Some man, he says, has got the coat. The name is De Castro, and Susanna, blackmailing Lombard, and the latter asks Kavanagh to help him. Kavanagh asks whether Cloan, too, is being blackmailed. It is agreed that Lombard will go to Cloan and settle for him. The following morning, however, Kavanagh and Lombard read in the paper that De Castro has been found dead.

Mrs. Cloan rings Kavanagh up on the telephone. She tells him that though Cloan has recovered consciousness he is not quite himself, and is in the drawing-room the previous night. Kavanagh is infinitely relieved. He is interrupted for a minute, and when he comes back, takes up the telephone and asks for Mrs. Cloan, calls her by her Christian name, and asks her, if she finds herself in any trouble, to come to him.

But the same man, Kavanagh, when he learns that Mrs. Cloan Clean has taken Mrs. Cloan's place at the other end of the line, will give Mrs. Cloan Clean a kiss. It is then that Kavanagh fears the mischief that Caroline Cloan will make over her mistake. He knows that Caroline Cloan hates Suzanne.

CHAPTER VII. (continued).

MISS Cloan turned into the corridor. Suzanne stepped from the Rajah's bedroom, and in the opposite direction, seeing her sister-in-law. Miss Cloan pulled up and stood quite still, seeming to become part of a shadow. The expression on her peaked face was one of strained concentration. This looked like being her opportunity.

She did not stir till Suzanne was gone from sight. When she reached her brother's room she knocked, but was inside before she could get permission to enter and be granted. She then lips were compressed. She was ready, if necessary, to give battle to the male nurse whom she regarded as a kind of concrete insult to women.

The light within was subdued. The male nurse was regulating a window. His "One moment, please, madam!" had no effect. Miss Cloan had reached the bed.

Rajah Cloan, bandaged about the head, yellow-grey of complexion, and worn out with nausea, bulged on the bed. He was not a pleasant sight.

Miss Cloan drew in a whispered breath. Michael looked such a wreck! Her jealous affection for her brother stood for all that was most human in her nature.

In vino veritas is an aphorism that may be as false as it is sometimes true. In Kavanagh's case drink stimulated his animal and in animal his foibles, his lack of control, and narcotised a better, if limited and material, side to his nature. It was beginning to sap the strong will and the driving forcefulness that had made him what he was, and won the sobriquet of "Rajah" for the one-time boy who began life in the cook's galley of a training schooner.

He was restlessly conscious of the fact now. He must put up with the loss of his master, master over men and men. With a blunt frankness he had admitted to his wife that he was drunk on the previous evening, and told her that he was going to get the better of his growing appetite for liquor. But he had expressed no deep regret for the degrading humiliation put upon her by his guest and servants. It was like him. He was incapable of conceiving the depth of her humiliation.

His brutality to his wife was the depth of her humiliation. A woman of coarse, animal-natured man who was incapable of understanding her sensitiveness, her finer ideals, and her abhorrence of grossness either in thought, word or deed. In fact, in his way he respected her; she had a distinct, if not complete, restraining influence over him. He valued her opinion on some subjects, though he always warned her off such topics as native or indentured labour. When Suzanne got on to these she did not know that she was still alone. The way to make him a man of fellow men's work was to put the fear of death into his soul. That was so, and there was an end to the matter. Cloan knew, and Cloan had spoken. Had he lived in an earlier age he would have combined the voca-

tions of merchant-adventurer and buccaneer with a side-line in "black ivory."

His very thoughts at this moment were a tribute to his wife. He had done what he had done off his own bat, and gloried in the fact. But it had occurred to him that Suzanne might lend him a hand in the fight he was going to put up against drink—might help to keep him up to the scratch. He was proud of her in a proprietary kind of way, as some men are proud of some objet de vert they may have acquired, because they recognise its superiority to articles of the same class in possession of others, though quite incapable of appreciating its worth and distinctive beauties.

But, as far as material wants were concerned, Suzanne had but to express a need and Cloan satisfied it. She was a generous streak in his nature. He was very good to, and fond of his wife's mother, whom he generally called "the old lady." He had a better, if limited, side. But there was the reverse, the lower side; the side that drink brought upmost.

A younger woman was calling now.

"Michael!" whispered Caroline Cloan, supinely, bending over her brother. She suffered from a suppressed form of hysteria, which, like suppressed measles, is the more serious. Sometimes, however, it erupted.

"Hello—Carrie!" Cloan's voice was dull with physical exhaustion.

His affection for his sister was tempered with contempt for her looks and the pity felt by people for anyone mentally afflicted. Carrie had a bee in her bonnet. He looked upon the want of a good strapping husband as the origin of her trouble. But poor Carrie was not a man's woman.

"How are you feeling now, Michael?" she whispered, slipping a thin hand over the big paw lying outside the coverlet.

"A bit better!" he answered. "But not any great shake at that."

His mind had narrowed, there was still a memory-haze in his mind. He could remember something about the dinner of the previous evening; had a recollection of his wife quitting the room, of himself being alone with Kavanagh, and of lying down on a couch. But after that? Gad, but he must have been drunk! His eyes narrowed, a baffled light in them.

He seemed to have forgotten the presence of his sister. He closed his eyes, and expression and the nature of his thoughts changed. Something bright and distant might have been troubling him. He got a grip on his upper teeth with his lower, and his breathing became heavy. His forehead was puckered under the bandage.

Miss Cloan still held his big hand. Her humanity was holding her vindictive curiosity in check. She misread the expression on her brother's face; believed him to be wrestling with physical pain.

The pause seemed a favourable moment to the nurse.

"Sir John Bonset, madam, left instructions," he began.

Caroline Cloan's eyes flashed suppressed daggers at the man. Cloan opened his eyes, and turned his head slowly.

"Mind your own business. Get out of the room. When I want you back, I'll send for you."

"But Sir John, sir—"

"Do you take to old?"

Miss Cloan smiled thinly. The nurse hesitated, and obeyed.

Caroline Cloan's eyes flashed suppressed daggers at the man. Cloan opened his eyes, and conquered a spasm of nausea. Miss Cloan's hand tightened on his, quivering sympathetically, as if to help him in his effort. He half-opened his eyes.

"Worse than being anchored—in shoal water—with a ground swell running!" he muttered, with a sickly, but game grin.

"How did it happen—exactly, Michael?" whispered Miss Cloan for a pause.

Caroline Cloan, half-caught my head against a table," muttered Cloan, with a return of the baffled expression. He did not remember. He was repeating what Sir John Bonset and his wife had told him.

Miss Cloan's expression, too, was baffled. The bad explanation seemed inadequate. Kavanagh had said over the telephone, "I'm afraid I've taken Suzanne's place, that he took all the blame on himself for what had happened on the previous night."

"Michael!"—her hand was working to and fro on his—"when I came into the drawing-room and saw you—it was dreadful!—I thought you and Mr. Kavanagh had quarrelled—"

"Quarrelled—Kavanagh—drawing-room? Drawing-room?"

"In the Adams room, Michael!"

But Cloan's last memory was of lying down on a couch in the dining-room. Till this moment he believed the accident to have happened there.

"Quarrel? Why should we quarrel?" Cloan's dull, exhausted voice was inconstant.

The room seemed to be reeling round sickeningly.

"You mustn't get excited, Michael!" she whispered, stroking his hand again.

She had narrowed the man's memory-blank. Yes! Fighting deadly sickness, he could vaguely remember his passage from the dining-room to the Adams' room.

But the room seemed to be reeling round sickeningly.

"You mustn't get excited, Michael!" she whispered, stroking his hand again.

She had narrowed the man's memory-blank.

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Rheumatism's Cause.

Blame your Blood—Not the Weather:
and dispel Rheumatism's Poisons with
the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"This is a bad place for Rheumatism," is a familiar cry in many districts. Undoubtedly damp or cold has something to do with exciting the disease, but it is not the cause. It is in most instances more than the district, for Rheumatism begins in the blood; and your efforts to stop the pain with outward applications and ordinary medicines can never touch the cause, and root of the mischief—impurities in the blood.

Only by reinforcing the blood with the elements it lacks to make it rich and nourishing—which is the action of every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—can Rheumatism, as well as other disorders of the blood be dispelled and good health restored.

Here is convincing proof from a county noted for Rheumatism:

"For nearly three years," states Mr. Jess Poole, of Auburn, nr. Hartlepool, Lancashire, "I had Rheumatism so bad that I could hardly raise my hands as high as my neck; I was full of the disorder."

"I think the damp and fogs started the Rheumatism; anyhow at first it seemed pain caught me in the arms, then torture like red-hot needles being forced through my flesh and muscles followed every movement. After a time the Rheumatism so crippled me that I had to be helped to get my clothes on and off.

"I spent months for nearly ten years I endured these tortures, and I blamed Rheumatism being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"So I started to take these Pills. My appetite had been poor, but soon I was eating heartily; then the shooting pains were not so bad, and I had better rest at nights. As I persevered with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Rheumatism left my shoulders. I derived more and more ease and strength, and soon was thoroughly cured."

A FREE HEALTH GUIDE.—A free treatise on the blood is sent to readers who will write to Dr. Williams' Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured countless cases of Rheumatism, Anæmia, Sciatica, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, and serious disorders of the Blood and Nerves. Post free 2s. 9d. one box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes. Of dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Never accept substitutes.—(Advt.)



ON WINTER MORNINGS

WHEN many fires in the house are lit each day and you want to clean the grates easily and quickly, use GIPSY Black Lead. It goes on hot or cold stoves and gives a lovely lasting lustre in half the time. GIPSY never cracks or peels off, but prevents the grate from rusting and it makes the grate an ornament to the room. It blackens, brightens, beautifies.

TRY
GIPSY
BLACK LEAD
—these wintry days, and see how much quicker you get through your work. Send a post card for FREE SAMPLE giving your own and your dealer's name to Dept. A 23, HARGREAVES BROS. & CO. Ltd., Makers of 'GLOSSO,' the One-Minute Metal Polish.

HULL

BUT IT MUST BE 'GIPSY'

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Throwing Fire About.

Experiments will be made shortly, says the *Matin*, with a fire-dart, to be used for military purposes.

Four Firemen Injured.

Four Birmingham firemen were injured yesterday, two being thrown off an engine as it was rounding a street corner and two injured by falling material.

Englishman Wounded in Africa.

Lieutenant Bentinck, of the King's African Rifles, has (says a Reuter message from Nairobi, Central Africa) been dangerously wounded in a skirmish with the natives.

New Alpine Record.

Two Englishmen, named Ralph and Legard, have, says the *Central News*, just established an Alpine record by ascending and descending the Jungfrau Mountain during winter in a single day.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Speculative and Investment Demand Steadily Increasing.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The revival of business in the Stock Exchange is becoming more pronounced every day. Both the investing and the speculative public alike are increasing in numbers, and prices throughout continue to rise.

Genuine investors are still devoting their attention largely to recent new issues, and the following table shows the further substantial rises that have occurred in some of them during the past week:—

	Price Now.	Week Ago.	Rise.
Caritas 4 p.c.	42	42 premium	13 premium
Grange 5 p.c.	24	24	2s.
South Wales 5 p.c.	24	24	2s.
Port of London 4 p.c.	15	15	2s.
Sierra Leone 4 p.c.	12	12	2s.
Port Moresby 4 p.c.	12	12	2s.

Prospects of still cheaper money in the near future engendered by hopes of a further reduction to 3s. per cent. in the Bank Rate to-morrow, have been the main cause of the rises.

Cheap money, however, as we have pointed out before, has its disadvantages, in that it is resulting in an absolute glut of new issues. Prominent among the many shortly to appear is one for £2,000,000 in 4 per cent., at 93, by Western Australia, underwriting arrangements for which were imminent.

Further evidence, if any is needed, that the speculative public is also taking a big hand in the general revival was afforded yesterday by the continued strength of South Africans and Rhodesians, and the general rises in such specialities as Tin and Broken Hill shares.

There was no change among Newspaper prices, Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference remaining at 21s. and 21s. 6d. respectively. Associated Ordinary and Preference at 2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and Pictorial Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 6d. and 18s. 3d.

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

But quarrel? Why should he have quarrelled with Kavanagh?

"Oh, great Heavens!" His teeth had clicked. It had come back to him. He remembered. The scene had visualised rather blurredly, as through jaundice-coloured gauze. He saw his wife in Kavanagh's arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE World-wide Film Company had established itself in commodious premises in St. Martin's-lane. The building contained a bijou picture theatre, not for the public, but for exhibiting films to the trade.

The uniformed porter within the entrance was reading with absorbed interest an account of the Bunter-street murder, and was wondering whether the scene in "Bluebeard's Chamber," as the wretched woman in the day had been dubbed by the caretaker at Garth-mansions, when the swing door was swing back, and a very aristocratic commanding-looking individual entered, carrying a suit-case.

The World-wide Film Company was producing a number of films on military life, and the porter drew the conclusion that the distinguished-looking individual with his iron-grey moustache and dignified bearing, was a general officer on some big "pot" from the War Office. His salute to the gentleman was quite military in consequence.

"Give that to Mr. Fennimore, if you please," said the distinguished-looking person in a deep-voiced voice, handing the porter a note marked "Private."

Mr. Fennimore was the manager. When the porter returned he conducted the individual with the suit-case to the manager's office. Mr. Fennimore shook hands with his caller in a way that was quite previous acquaintance, but did not speak till the porter had retired and closed the door behind him.

"How are you, Mr. Slew?" he asked.

"Well, thank you," replied Chief-Inspector Slew of Scotland Yard.

"What can I do for you?"

"I should be obliged if you would throw some films on to the screen for me," replied Mr. Slew.

The films were in his suit-case. They had been found, with other things, in "Bluebeard's Chamber."

(To be continued.)

Kaiser and Workers' Health.

The German Emperor, says a Central News message, has founded a sanatorium for Berlin workers at Ahlbeck, which will be opened this summer.

Railway Carriage "Gold Mine."

A ticket collector at Dudley Port (Staffs) yesterday found a handbag containing £2,000 in notes and gold, a cheque for £11,000 and several articles of jewellery in a railway carriage.

Mr. Cunningham Graham—Socialist.

It was announced yesterday at a meeting of the Glasgow University Socialist Club that Mr. Cunningham Graham had agreed to stand as a Socialist candidate at the Universityatorial election.

Children the Best Witnesses.

"They are always the best witnesses at this age," said Mr. Schröder, the coroner, at St. Pancras yesterday, after a lucid account of a burning fatality from a twelve-year-old lad.

"FLYING TOO EASY."

Polish Inventor's "Foolproof" Aeroplane Without Engine or Propeller.

To make an aeroplane fly without an engine or propeller and be safe in bad weather is the aim of Mr. K. de Proszynski, the inventor, who has been described as the "Polish Edison."

Already Mr. de Proszynski claims to have invented apparatus which will achieve his great object, and at his laboratory in London he is busy conducting experiments to bring his plans to perfection.

"Within three months," he told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "I will produce an aeroplane without an engine or propeller and will give a flight demonstration with it on a flying ground near London."

"I know this sounds a big statement, but I am absolutely confident that I have solved the problem of safety in flight."

"I have been so busy with other work that I have had no time to develop the idea, but the increasing number of fatal accidents in flying has induced me to undertake experiments on a big scale."

"Flying to-day is too easy—that is why there are so many fatal accidents. I have motor-driven aircraft, but I will undertake to fly a machine anywhere, at any time, the only stipulation I make being that I shall be allowed one day to make myself familiar with the work of driving a motor-car. Anyone who can drive a motor-car can drive an aeroplane."

"Briefly explained, my invention fulfills a dual purpose—it acts as a stabiliser and at the same time provides the necessary propelling power. The apparatus takes the form of a large cylinder, which contains a mixture of petrol gas and air."

"The cylinder has a number of 'issue' apertures, one section of which is employed to render the machine stable and the other for creating the driving power."

"Apart from this cylinder and the petrol tank, there is no machinery of any kind, with the exception of a mechanical arrangement to increase or decrease the issue of gas to rise or descend and thus increase speed."

"There is no need to gear, the steering being operated by means of valves in the cylinder. The action of the cylinder secures stability for the aeroplane by creating an artificial air cushion. Every fraction of the power produced by the explosive gas of the petrol is utilised in my invention, and thus the highest degree of efficiency is reached."

"With the present type of aeroplane engine flying can never be safe and never be useful for a commercial purpose. My aim is to fulfil both purposes."

ABBREVIATED SUITS.

Tailors Decree That Men's Clothing Shall Fit Like a Glove.

"Abbreviated" suits for men is the latest decree of fashion.

The tailors have ordained that there shall be reduction all along the line. Even the sacred dress suit is to be abbreviated. It is to be short and form-fitting.

And this is the official decision for an overcoat. Three button, single-breasted, patch pockets, no outside breast pockets, narrow shoulders, small sleeves, extremely form-fitting. Also four buttons, double-breasted. No belts on either coat.

One-piece suit with straight line, nine-inch centre vent for skirt and three-inch vent for sleeve; two buttons on sleeve, and slightly form-fitting; or,

Waistcoat, no shoulders, no pads, small sleeves, extremely form-fitting.

The walking coat is one-button, peaked lapel, short-waisted, with a wide collar, extremely "cutaway."

Dinner coat will be safed to edge, collar and cuff bound with satin, with outside breast-pocket and link buttons from waist.

Some of the suits are so abbreviated that it looks as though the designer had taken a bit of cloth from the sample book and evolved a coat, a second sample and evolved a pair of trousers.

Three men were drowned yesterday in a collision between the schooner *Restless*, bound from Portland to London, and a steam-dredger off Southend.

The Ideal Fruit Laxative

Ficolax

is the genuine and original Fruit Laxative.

Nurse R., of Coventry, writes:—"I have taken Ficolax and find it very good indeed. It is a splendid laxative, and I cannot speak too highly of it."

FICOLAX is manufactured from the finest fruit and vegetable essences, Ficolax is guaranteed to be free from any injurious preservatives or minerals, and is unequalled for its curative properties in Constipation with Indigestion, Biliousness, Flatulence, Acidity, Dyspepsia and Headache. Since Constipation may lead to many dangerous disorders the importance of overcoming Constipation and preventing its recurrence cannot be emphasised too strongly."

For Children

FICOLAX is an ideal remedy, delicious in taste, pleasant and easy to take, gentle in action and without any of the disagreeable after-effects of Caster Oil. Thousands of mothers rely upon Ficolax to keep their children healthy. Half a teaspoonful (or less) of Ficolax given every night at bed-time will remove any irregularity and ensure perfect health. All children like Ficolax.

For Women

FICOLAX is the one remedy for those requiring a laxative—harmless, effective and economical. A teaspoonful taken at night will cleanse the system of all impurities and restore a healthy tone to the digestive organs. Hundreds of nurses testify to the excellence of Ficolax. Read the above testimony.

For Men

FICOLAX is the ideal Aperient, pleasant, economical and convenient to take. After taking Ficolax, Constipation and that disagreeable feeling of Liverishness, Biliousness and Indigestion are overcome. A teaspoonful, or in severe cases two teaspoonfuls, taken at night will convince you of the value of Ficolax.

Be sure you get F-I-C-O-L-A-X.

Large Bottle 1s. 1d., Family Size 2s. 9d. Of Chemists everywhere. Refuse spurious substitutes, which are now being offered as Fruit Laxatives.

If your Chemist does not stock Ficolax, write direct to the Ficolax Co., 30, Graham-street, London, N.

**COLLAPSIBLE
HEADGEAR
TO SOLVE
MATINEE HAT
PROBLEM. SEE
PAGE 8.**

**SIR EDWIN
CORNWALL'S
BROTHER HELPS
TO LOAD COAL:
SEE PAGE 9.**

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

No. 3,202.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

AIRMAN KILLED.

Mr. Gipps. Aeroplane hardly damaged. Mr. Merriam.
Mr. G. L. Gipps was killed and Mr. F. Merriam injured in an accident to a "dual control" monoplane on Larkhill, Salisbury Plain.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

Major Atkinson, of Littlehampton, who died from shock after washing in cold water during the frost.



Mrs. Katherine Macquoid, who is celebrating her ninetieth birthday. She is writing her 64th novel.

A NEW CLUB FOR LONDON COSTERS.

Exterior view of the club, showing "carriages" waiting outside. It is in Notting Hill.



In the dining-room, where there is also a piano to help to drive away dull care.

Everybody has a club nowadays, and the London coster is no exception to the rule. The members, however, do not drive up in motor-cars and taxicabs, but in donkey-barrows, and the stranger who passed the not very imposing exterior would probably not realise what the premises were.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A TALK WITH BIRD AND BEAST: MR. LYNN EXHIBITS HIS POWERS AT THE ZOO.

He found the ass quite intelligent.

Mr. Carl Lynn, who imitates the calls of animals so accurately that he may be said to talk to them, visited the Zoo and held "conversations" with a number of animals.



Chat with a penguin.



He makes an elephant obey him.

The other day he made a herd of cows follow him round a field at Finchley.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)